

YE True-Born *Englishmen* proceed,  
Our trifling Crimes detect,  
Let the Poor starve, Religion bleed,  
The *Dutch* be damn'd, the *French* succeed,  
And all by your Neglect.

Your actions all the World disgust,  
The *French* are only glad,  
Your friends your honesty distrust,  
And while you think you're wise and just,  
The Nation thinks you mad.

Are these the ways your wisdom take,  
To raise our reputation?  
To quarrel at a few mistakes,  
Whilst *France* their own advantage makes,  
And Laughs at all the Nation.

You are the People who of old  
The Nations Troops disbanded,  
And now you should your Friends uphold,  
Your Friends and you are bought and sold,  
As always was intended.

There's none but Fools in time to come,  
Will Trust the *English* Nation;  
For if they do, they know their doome,  
That we'll be falling out at home,  
And baulk their Expectation.

You are the Nations grand defence,  
Against illegal power,  
And yet against both Law and Sence,  
And sometimes too without pretence,  
You send folk to the Tower.

Some Lords your anger have incur'd,  
For Treaty of Partition,  
But if you'll take the Nations word,  
Most People think it was absurd,  
And empty of discretion.

Not that Treaty as 'tis fam'd,  
Gave part of *Spain* to *Gaul*,  
Why should those Gentlemen be blam'd,  
When you your selves are not amand,  
To let them take it all.

Bribes and ill practices you found,  
And some few felt your power,  
But soon you run your selves aground,  
For had you push'd the matter round,  
You all had gone to th' Tower.

Some Reformation hath from you,  
In vain been long expected,  
But when you shou'd the business do,  
Your private quarrels you pursue,  
And th' Nation lies neglected.

11.

Long has the Kingdom born the weight  
Of your deficient Funds,  
That Parliamentary publique cheat,  
Pray where's the difference of that  
And Plundering with Dragoons?

12.

Are you the People that complain  
Of Arbitrary Power?  
Then shew the Nation if you can,  
Where Kings have been since Kings began,  
Such Tyrants as you are.

13.

When Kings with right and Law dispence,  
And set up Power despotick,  
It has been counted Law and fence  
To take up Arms against our Prince,  
And call in aids Exotick.

14.

But you, although your Powers depend  
On every Plowman's Vote,  
Beyond the Law that Power extend,  
To ruine those you should defend,  
And sell the Power you bought.

15.

The King Religion did Commend  
To you his *Law-Explainers*,  
We know not what you may intend,  
Nor how you should Religion mend,  
Unless you will your Manners.

16.

You are the Nations darling Sons,  
The abstract of our Mobb,  
For City Knights and Wealthy Clowns,  
Stock Jobbers, Statesmen and Buffoons,  
You may defy the Globe.

17.

Toland insults the Holy Ghost,  
Brib'd *Symon*, bribes accuses,  
Good Manners and Religion's lost,  
The King who was your Lord of Host,  
The Raskal *H-* abuses.

18.

Your Statesman *G-* with intent  
To Cultivate with care,  
The dignity of Parliament,  
Plies closely at the Dancing tent,  
And manages *May-Fair*.

19.

The True-Born Heroes diligence  
For publique good appears,  
There he refines his Wit and Sense,  
That the next day in our defence  
May fill Committee Chairs.

20.

The limitation of the Crown  
Is your Immediate care,  
If your *Wife Articles* go down,  
Your Power will be so Lawless grown,  
'Tis no matter who's the Heir.

21. Did



21.

Did we for this depose our Prince,  
And Liberty assume,  
That you should with our Laws dispense,  
Commit Mankind without Offence,  
And Govern in his room?

22.

You shou'd find out some other word  
To give the Crowns *Acceptor*,  
To call him King wou'd be absurd,  
For tho' he'l seem to wear the Sword,  
'Tis You have got the Scepter.

23.

And now your wrath is smoaking hot  
Against the *Kent* Petition,  
No man alive can tell for what  
But telling Truths which pleas'd you not,  
And taxing your Discretion.

24.

If you those Gentlemen detain  
By your unbounded Power,  
'Tis hop'd you'l never more complain  
Of Bishops in King *James's* Reign,  
Sent blindly to the *Tower*.

25.

A strange Memorial too there came,  
Your Members to affront,  
Which told you Truths you dare not name,  
And so the Paper scap'd the Flame,  
Or else it had been burnt.

26.

Some said the Language was severe,  
And into Passion flew,  
Some too began to curse and swear,  
And call'd the Author *Mutineere*,  
But all men said 'Twas True.

27.

But oh! the Consternation now  
In which you all appear!  
'Tis plain from whence your terrors flew,  
For had your guilt been less you knew,  
So would have been your fear.

28.

In Fifteen Articles you're told  
You have our Rights betray'd,  
Banter'd the Nation, bought and sold  
The Liberties you shou'd uphold;  
No wonder you're afraid.

29.

And now to make your selves appear  
The more Impertinent,  
A wise Address you do prepare,  
To have his Majesty take care  
Rebellion to prevent.

30.

No doubt his Majesty will please  
To take your Cause in hand,  
Besides the work is done with ease,  
Full *Seven Thousand Men* he has  
The Nation to defend.

31. One

31.

One hundred Thousand Heroes more  
Do our Train'd Bands compose,  
If foreign Forces shou'd come or're,  
Plant them and you upon the Shoar,  
How bravely you'll oppose.

32.

Then blush ye Senators to see  
How all men stand dismay'd,  
The Nation shou'd so patient be,  
To bear with all your Villany,  
And see themselves betray'd.

33.

It was our Freedom to defend,  
That We the People chose you,  
And We the People do pretend  
Our power of Choosing may extend  
To punish and depose you.

34.

For since in vain our Hopes and Fears,  
Petitions too are vain,  
No Remedy but this appears,  
To pull the House about your Ears,  
And send you home again.

35.

These are the Nations Discontents,  
The Causes are too true,  
The Ploughman now his Choice repeats,  
For tho he values Parliaments,  
He's out of Love with Tom.

36.

When to be chose with Caps in hand  
You courted every Voice,  
You were our Servants at command,  
By which it seems you understand,  
Untill we made our Choice.

37.

If that be True, we let you know  
Upon that very score,  
You'd best your present Hours bestow  
In all the Mischiefs you can do,  
For We'll ne're choose you more.

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